And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine,
I had an Edward, till a Richard kil'd him:
I had a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou dist kill him:
I had a Rutland too, thou hopst to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, till Richard kild him:
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hel-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle blouds,
That foule defacer of Gods handie worke,
Thy wombe let loose, to chase vs to our graues,
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall curre,
Praies on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.
Duc. O, Harries wife, triumh not in my woes,
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thee.
Q. Ma. Beare with me, I am hungrie for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it,
Thy Edward, he is dead, that stabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse:
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimely smothred in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reserued their factor to buie soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
Ensues his piteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiendes roare, saintes pray,
To haue him suddenly conueied away.

Cancell

Cancell his bond of life, deare
That I may liue to say, the do
Qu. O thou didst prophec
That I should wish for thee to
That botteld spider, that foul
Q. Mar. I cald thee then, v
I cald thee then, poore shado
The presentation of, but wha
The flattering index of a dire
One heaued a high, to be hurl
A mother onely, mockt with
A dreame of which thou wert
A signe of dignitie, a garish fl
To be the aime of euery dang
A Queene in iest, onely to fi
Where is thy husband now, w
Where are thy children, whe
Who sues to thee, and cries G
Where be the bending peere
Where be the thronging tro
Decline all this, and see wha
For happie wife, a most distre
For ioyfull mother, one that
For Queene, a very Catiue cr
For one being sued too, one t
For one commaunding all, ob
For one that scornd at me, no
Thus hath the course of iustic
And left thee but, a very pra
Hauing no more, but though
To torture thee the more, be
Thou didst vsurpe my place,
Vsurpe the iust proportion o
Now thy proude necke, beare
From which, euen here, I slip
And leaue the burthen of it a
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Q
These English woes, will ma